CHAPTER IV.

[CONTINUED.] "Would I know him again?" I re-plied rather warmly. "Why, his ugly face hasn't been out of my sight since I saw it. Would I know him? Well just let me get my fingers on his accursed throat. His own father would not know him then!"

Mr. Snell's little eyes opened at my warmth. He was about to reply, when Ralston returned. Mr. Snell skillfully changed the subject.

On January 9th we saw in the distance a long, shadowy fringe on the horizon. It looked like land. I asked the captain if it was such. He re-

"Yes, that is land. It is the Island of Formosa. We are now entering the China Sea."

The China Sea interested me only as the stretch of water that then sepaated us from Hong Kong. As we began to drew so near to the end of our journey, I felt a feverish anxiety to hasten through with our affair.

It had become my habit of late to meditate on deck at night. Sometimes Langston and Ralston went. Sometimes only one or the other would be with me. Sometimes I went

On the night of the day we passed Formosa, I went on deck as usual. Ralston was reading, and Langston was busily engaged in conversation with an Indian army officer. They said they would be up later. I did not object to being alone. My thoughts kept me company. I liked to stand by the rail and muse over the possibilities of what was before us. I knew they were wide and various. Knowing that my two friends were coming to join me, I did not turn when I heard a footstep behind me.

"Fine evening, thees," said the voice of Mr. Gambok Snell. "Are you enjoying that moonlight, Meester Creekmore?' "I am enjoying the prospects of

landing much more," I replied. "Vary good. But have you notis, Creekmore, what a queer light comes from the China. Sea when the moon dance in its leetle waves?"

I had not noticed. I leazed over the rail, and there surely was a peculiarity in the emerald sheen that was reflected from the water. I bent low, admiring the pretty effect.

In an instant I was seized from behind in an iron grip. I turned quick-ly, but was at a disadvantage. Before I could cry out, I received a stunning blow on the head. Only half conscious, I felt myself lifted and shoved over the rails.

A hateful voice sounded in my ears: "Now you can't identify, anybody, can you, Crickmore?"

The wind whistled past my face; I fell. I felt the waters close over me. I had been thrown overboard by Gambok Snell.

taken a dive for sport.

The momentum of the ship and the me deep into the sea. Down-down me, for I saw not one. I went, until in a half-conscious way I wondered if I was ever going to went or how long it took me to get senses, but I was absolutely power- started to swim around it. less. The rush of the water was a piece of paper. It flashed over me that I was in one of those swift submarine currents so common in the rock. south seas. Some of these indeminute. The one that had me in its

grasp was not the slowest of its kind. What has ever since seemed to me a most remarkable thing, but which did not seem at all strange then, was the fact that I did not lose my presence of mind. I could do nothing, it is true. I was helpless in the grasp of the waters. But I so fully realized this that I held my breath and let the great force sweep me along unresist-

Since boyhood I had been a good swimmer. Hours and hours I had spent in the water, floating, diving, swimming under water, and I had, in my library in San Francisco, several medals that I had taken in college aquatic contests. This training now stood me in good stead.

It was possible for me to hold my breath under water for some minutes. But it seemed like five years to me shooting along under the China Sea. It was probably just about five mingrasp. Feeling the warmer and calmer a mighty stroke. I felt, rather than saw the light through the rapidly shallowing water as I neared the surface. I also felt the decrease in the pres-

breathed again. I looked around me. The good ship City of Rio de Janeiro-or what I supposed to be her-Even if they had been aware of my I had nothing. catastrophe at once, I was so quickly carried out of their reach that they would give me up. I wondered how Langston and Ralston would learn of simply horrible to see it staring you my loss, and if they would suspect out of countenance when you are in enough to be the first to break the death will certainly be of a lingering news of my "accident" and to be at kind, preceded by the pangs of hunger, the Burbank potato (which is the

which I lay from the ship, that Formosa was on the other side of her. I came to the worst, that before my he succeeds, an Eastern florist wil' did not know north from south, but I mind gave way I would leap from the pay him \$10,000 for the secret.

knew that when we had passed Formosa we had been south of it. This led me to believe that I had been carried south by the current. Later events proved this, although I greatly miscalculated the distance, and was probably mistaken in supposing the smoke I saw to be from the ship I had left. I floated for some little time on my back, until I had fully recovered my breath. Then I scanned the horizon, for something that promised hope of shelter, but I saw nothing. I thought of sharks, but, as none were in sight, I hoped to escape those dreaded monsters of the deep. So far as swimming any distance was concerned, I had no fear. I could without difficulty remain on top and propel myself whither I wanted to go. But my great

tim I knew I was lost. The thing to do, then, was to make the best speed while I could.

I started off with a long, easy stroke. The water of the China Sea is very salt and gives great buoyancy to a floating body. My only work was to propel myself. Without stopping I swam forward for

about an hour. I was a rapid swimmer, but the distance covered was but a dot in the vast expanse of water. Then I rested a moment and raising my head as high as I could I took another survey of the horizon. To my great joy, I saw far away-in the direction toward which I had been going-what appeared to be land. could see no trees or evidences of vegetation of any kind. Probably this was an island of rock. I had heard that there were many such off the Chinese coast. But whatever it was, it afforded hope; and with renewed courage I swept the water again with my vigorous strokes and started toward the speck. The island may have been two miles away or it may have been five. Distance is almost annihilated in the clear moonlight of this region. All that I know of the distance is that I swam about four hours before I got near enough to tell what it really was.

I saw the barest rock, rearing its -nothing but rock. But even that rounding rock. An overhanging wall was something, and I gathered myself for a final effort. Curling myself up in a knot I succeeded in getting off my shoes. Then my coat I flung from me. I would have liked to save the coat, but I knew it would retard my progress, and I had a long distance yet to swim. I was fighting for life, so the coat went with the shoes.

I did not seek to increase my stroke. I wished, rather, to husband my strength. It was well I did so. The rock proved to be farther away than I imagined. But, at last, I had the great joy of being near enough to see I went down. I struck the water had met with no greater danger than the level of the sea I was powerless to utter a sound as waters that broke upon its base. I head first as clean as though I had the water itself. I had no doubt that these southern seas swarmed with man-eating monsters, but the help of height from which I had fallen sent a Higher Power must have been with

I reached the rock.

My heart sank within me, for its stop. I do not know how far down I sides were as smooth and as perpendicular as the side of a house. there-probably not many seconds- There was no handhold or foothold. when I felt a rush of cold water. The The frowning stone rose high above coldness of the water restored my me, cold, inhospitable, pitiless. I

The rock covered, I should judge, tremendous. It whirled me and if reduced to figures, about four acres, of any where time had been spent in turned me upside down, rolled me but it was like swimming around a over and over and swept me away like continent to me, so hopeless had I It might be that the pit was used for become. There was no other land in storing goods by the pirates of the sight. My hope of life hung on this coast, and at this time happened to be

pendent currents are said to travel at halfway round, I found an opening left me, and my hunger came back a greater rate of speed than a mile a that surprised me. A gateway was with renewed pangs. formed by two jutting crags. This than fifty feet in extent, or perhaps a them of my unhappy end! hundred, in which the water was perfectly calm, and would be so in any weather, for it was absolutely sheltered from the wind. I went through the the madness of fever was upon me! gateway, which was about twelve feet wide. Inside the inclosure I found, on one side, what appeared to be a rough stepping-place in the rock. On each side was an iron ring securely

fastened. The sight of anything that betokened the presence of a human being in that waste was something of a shock, But there was hope in those rings for

By a great effort I reached one of the rings and drew myself upward. It was no light task to scale that rock even by aid of the ring and the roughhewn step. I put forth my entire strength. I stretched, reached, utes before that icy current let go its climbed, crawled and glued myself to the rock like a mollusk. I was saving waters around me, I shot upward with my own life. A man performs wonderful feats of strength under those circumstances.

At last I stood on a flat table-rock. It was bare and barren. I had found to count the change for the sovereign sure. A few more strokes and I a resting-place, but no more. Not a the buyer put down. An instant later sign of sustaining food. I could not and the "customer" had fixed the eat rock, and I saw nothing else. I vendor's head with a sticky prison. saw in my future nothing but a lingering death from starvation. Had I any but before he could grope his way to was visible in the far distance, just a kind of a contrivance with which I the street the eccentric purchaser dark streak and a cloud of smoke could fish, I would gladly have de- had possessed himself of the contents marking her course. It was plain that voured some of the finny inhabitants of the till and walked leisurely no help could be expected from her. of the deep without any cooking, but away.

I began to despair.

death in the face at any time. It is freak" to promptly render "first aid." Gambok Snell. I did not think the full possession of health, strength and latter probable. The fellow was actor faculties, and especially so when that the same time the most grief-stricken shooting pains of the most violent standard potato of the world), is now kind through the body, a frightful experimenting athis Santa Rosa ranch The Island of Formosa could not be mental excitement and even madness in an attempt to produce a yellow seen. I judged from the direction in itself, then exhaustion and death. All rose sufficiently hardy to live out-

rock and destroy myself before the

suffering was too great to bear. But I was calm, wonderfully calm, as it seems to me now as I look back upon the awful situation. I even smiled; with a grim sort of ghastly appreciation of my predicament.
"If I can't eat," I said to myself

aloud, my voice echoing from the high rock behind me, "I can at least restand I will." I stretched myself on the flat rock,

with no covering but my wet clothes and the brilliant stars above me.

I was exhausted. I fell asleep. When I woke the sun was high and the rock was warm. My clothes had dried and I was covered with a coating of salt. My arms and legs were stiff and I ached in every inch of my body. The rough stone had not been a comfortable bed, but the long sleep had refreshed me-mentally, at least. I got up and straightened out the kinks in my joints.

I was very hungry. This was the beginning of my slow death. I realized this, and the bitterness of despair was upon me. I even contemplated casting myself into the sea to end it all.

I had read of Robinson Crusoe. His was luck, indeed, compared to my miserable outlook. I would find here no man Friday to keep me company; no goats to give me refreshing milk; danger was exhaustion from hunger. no grain to sow and reap in the future; I did not know how long I would be no ground to sow it in if I did. Here compelled to sustain myself in the was none of the good fortunes of the water, and if hunger made me its vicfamous Swiss family Robinson, who were cast away on a supposed desert island, and found ready for their teaching all the adjuncts of a successful stockfarm. I would train no zebra to carry me. I would find no bread-fruit-tree to give me life. I would find nothing but death. To all intents and purposes I was dead. Nothing known of man could save me,

But even a dying man abandons hope grudgingly. I determined before the end came to thoroughly inspect the rock, hoping I knew not whatpossibly to find some food swept there from a passing ship; possibly to find something left by a wayfarer like myself; possibly to penetrate and solve the mystery of the presence of the iron rings.

I picked my way from the flat rock apon which I stood, over a ledge of limestone leading around the little inlet of water. The ledge seemed hewn by hand, but not of recent date. It was above highwater mark. No action of the tide had done it. And it was too rough for that. What was more, I thought I could see the marks of cutting-tools. I carefully followed the ledge, which led to a crevice in the rock, down into which-oh, joy!-some rude steps were cut. Down into this pit they led, and my heart bounded with hope. The bald head high above the water. Rock interior of the pit was securely above kept out the rain. Now I began to think of Monte Cristo. What if I found there vast treasures in gold or silver or precious stones? Well, what if I did? I asked myself again. I would simply die in the midst of it all unless the lawful or unlawful owners of it came there and succored me. There was greater danger of them killing me. So the discovery of what might prove to be the hiding-place of the famed and feared pirates of the South Seas was not going to help me. Gingerly I went down the stone

great joy of being near enough to see steps. There were at least one hunthe greenish-white foam from the dred of them, and I knew, when I

CHAPTER V.

A CHINESE MONTE CRISTO. I was in the bottom of a great, fun-

nel-like pit, with a solid wall of rock around me.

I could see no opening, not even a hole large enough to put a finger through. What, then, was the purpose of the stairs? I sat down on the bottom step and tried to think. I had heard and read all kinds of treasure islands, but I could recall no mention hewing stone steps that led to nowhere. empty. The glimmer of hope I had At last, having swum more than felt when I discovered the stairs now

What a miserable fate! To die there opening led into an inclosure-a alone, leaving no word or sign that miniature bay or inland sea, not more | could ever reach my friends to tell

> It was hard to die so. No one to care for me in my last moments; no smooth pillow for my weary head when Nothing but stone-stone-stone!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Great Treacle Trick. The tragedy actually took place in Liverpool. He was wearing what is known as a "top-hat," and one many sizes too large. Entering a snop where, among other delicacies, treacle was vended, he asked to be supplied with so many pounds of the same.

"Have you got anything to put it in?" asked the shopkeeper. The customer, with an abstracted look common to forgetful people, replied he had not, but, as though the ingenious idea had just struck him, added: "Never mind, put it in this,"

at the same time handing over his old chapeau. The grocer, sniggering at the ridiculous situation, proceeded to weigh out the treacle, and then bent forward

"Stop thief!" the latter screamed

The treacle ran down to his ears, and passers-by were too much It is not a pleasant thing to look amused at the greeer's "strange -Tit-Bits.

> A Prize For a Hardy Yellow Rose. Mr. Luther Burbank, whose first achievement in hybridizing produced

THE REALM OF FASHION.

wedge wood blue, is here delightfully flounce of skirt matching the yoke combi ned with blue satin in that pop- and caps of sleeves. An exceedingly ular shade. The waist and sleeves dressy black gown had the waist,



A POPULAR BLOUSE WAIST.

are made on the bias. The backs fit smoothly and may be made with or without the centre seam. The fronts are arranged over fitted linings that close in centre. Their front edges are deeply underfaced with the plain satin and rolled back to form pretty pointed lapels, the back edges extending over the under-arm gores of the lining. Single side pleats are laid at the shoulder seam, which give graceful fulness over the bust. A double box-pleat is formed in centre of the plastron vest, which is sewed to the right front lining, and closes over on the left. A standing collar of the plain satin, to the top of which a scalloped flare portion is joined, completes the bon may be worn or not, as preferred. The two-seam sleeves have a becoming fulness gathered at the top, the wrists being finished by scalloped Some handsome combinations can be piazza as they are on the links. developed by the mode, as the vest, collar and cuffs may be of lace, tucking, corded taffets or other contrasting material. When made of pique and black made this handsome waist. or other cotton wash fabrics, the lin- the collar, yoke and cuffs being edged

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Nickel may be carried out in plain and dotte gray taffeta, showing corded stripes of or figured silk or satin foulard, the sleeves and upper portion of skirt of jet spangled net, the shirred yoke, tops of sleeves and flounce being of plain Brussels net, trimmed with ruch ings of the net and satin ribbon. Folds of turquoise-blue velvet showed at the top of the pointed collar and under faced the flaring wrists. The mode suggests possibilities for remodelling, which are always acceptable to home dressmakers.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require one and a half yards of material forty-four inches

Duck Outing Skirts.

Duck skirts are essentially outing skirts, and should never under any circumstance be made long. They are either built to clear the ground or short enough for golfing and the wheel. It is futile to depend upon them for what may be termed a "dressy" function. The very latest duck skirts are cut with a little fulness in the back, which is laid under pleats. The outing or golfiskirts button at one side of the front seam. The sailor hat continues to be the most upto-date for sporting purposes, and the newest shape differs little from that of last season. As the season advances fewer linen collars are seen, and chiffon, lace and net stocks and neckties are worn with shirt waists.

White Pique Skirts.

Skirts of white pique with tunic overskirt of white embroidery are novelties of the season. They are worn neck, and the wrinkled stock of rib- with bodice of embroidery, or of pique, with revers or vest of embroidery, or are used on separate skirts with shirt waists. They are effective worn with the little scarlet jackets flare cuff portions of the plain satin. that will be as popular on beach and

> Walst With Unique Shaping. Polka dotted foulard in dove-gray



WOMAN'S WAIST AND SKIRT.

and back.

ing may be omitted and the vest por- with stitched bias folds of black satin.

tion closed under rever. Waists in this style made of black or colored satin, taffeta, peau de soie or poplin, may have the collar with front, a third being taken up on the plastron finished separately and made adjustable with hooks and eyes on both sides of front. This allows the or buttons in centre. Three backward introduction of other separate fronts | turning pleats are laid on each side of with stock collars, which imparts charming variety to dressy waists.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require three yards line with pleasing effect. The box of material thirty inches wide.

Easily Made at Home.

Gray crepeline de soie and white tuck-shirred chiffon are charmingly arranged to overlap the pleats in front combined in the large illustration, the trimming of ruched satin ribbon being in a darker shade of gray. Dame Fashion revels in dainty fabrics this season, and the fact that chiffon yoking in this and many other styles can be bought all ready for use makes home dressmaking an easy accomplishment. Fitted linings support the over-fronts and back, that show prettily scalloped edges in the latest design. The fronts may be arranged over the voke portion of plastron, and together closed invisibly at the left shoulder, arm's-eye and under-arm seams, or they may open in the centre and the full plastron only close at the shoulder and arm's-eye, as shown in the small sketch. The sleeves are faced at the top with the truck-shirred chiffon, the material being shaped and trimmed in scalloped outline, to harmonize with the waist. The lining backs are faced in deep-voke effect. the over-backs shaped and trimmed to match the fronts, having a slight fulness, which is drawn snugly to the waist line. The skirt comprises five gores, which are shaped in pointed outline at the lower edge, and to which is joined a full circular flounce that reaches over half-way to the belt in the back. A smooth-fitting adjustment is rendered by the shaping of the gores over the hips, and the fulness in the back is arranged in flat underlying pleats that meet in the centre over the placket, where they are closed with silk buttons and loops. The flounce flares in graceful ripples | the stock, if so preferred. all around, the fashionable dip being given in the back with perforations medium size will require three and that shape to round length.

in centre back. The shirt waist sleeves are correctly shaped, being both stylish and comfortable. Gathers adjust the fulness at top and bottom, slashes at the back being finished with laps in the usual way. The cuffs have rounded corners and close with link caff buttons. Attractive waists may be made by this pattern of silk, fine wool or cotton wash fabries, and the regulation

A stylish feature of the waist is the

unique shaping of the yoke and collar.

Two box pleats are formed in each

right front edge, which laps over the

deep hem on left, closing with study

centre back, which are joined to the

top to a straight yoke lining, the plaits

being overlapped closely at the waist

plaits at shoulder edges of front are

brought together and joined to the

The neck is completed with a band

in regular shirt waist style, and the

stock collar is made separately to close



BOX-PLEATED SHIRT WAIST linen collar may be substituted for

To make this waist for a lady of one-half yards of material thirty inches Stylish combinations by the mode wide.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

inblect: "You Can't Cheat God"-He Will Weigh Our Acts With Perfect Balances -Opportunities Measured Against Sins -Personal Responsibility For Errors.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—In these days of moral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility before God will be read with a deep and solemn interest; text, Daniel v., 27, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." wanting."

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest

and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been digged. There were twenty-five gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies; from each gate on wide. To make the skirt will require ing into the skies; from each gate on five and a half yards of same-width the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and, to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water, would extern down over then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge span-ning this Euphrates there was a palace the one palace a mile and a half around. the other palace seven and a half miles ground. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been

in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. Isuppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astrone. Ing!

also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our \$50,000,000.

Ob, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it, never sew anything like it, never will see anything like it, balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the

balances—found wanting.
There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government, to change that state of things, appointed Commissioners, whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be clipped or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but, in the balance which is suspended to the threat of God a pound is a round and the throne of God, a pound is a pound and right is right and wrong is wrong and a soul is a soul and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weight the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pre-tends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it, "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. Ho pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of indepent it will be found out that what

front edges of lining yoke, the yoke of material with its rounded edges being arranged to overlap the pleats in front bo come, is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say. "Is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the otherside the world's will go the sins and away will go the opportunities and God will say to the messengers with the God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and

found wanting!"
But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sickroom, does he treat disease in the abstract? No. He feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the baim? Where is the physician?

So God will weigh churches. He takes a statement. The takes a statement.

great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one sands of dollars. He puts the put

DR. TALMAGES SERMON. side the balances. On the other side of the scale He puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnifector machinery. A church is built magnificent machinery. A church is built for one tring—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude

few souls when it might save a multirude of souls, God will spew it out of His mouth. Weighed and found wanting! So we perceive that God estimates na-tions. How many times He has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned its The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kin-dle the glories of the Champs Elyees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house? Then God weighed the glided opera house? Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side the scales the emperor and the boulevards and the Tulleries and the Champs Elysees and the glided opera house, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's leiterthism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are litted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first. Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He

moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in-get into the balances now and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances I say, "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and kindliness generally!" "Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that? and generosity and kindliness generally!"
"Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that?
We are going to weigh you—you. Now
stand in the scales—you, the moralist.
Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid
all my debts." "Have you acted in an
upright way in the community?" "Yes,
yes." "Have you been kind to the poor?
Are you faithful in a thousand relations in
life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now,
before you get out of this scale I want to around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the aridst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of fast stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery, fetching up the water from the Euphrates' to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up, it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a ceder. All this Naparbad.

> "But I have been a professor of religion forty years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances, and I will give you the advantage-I will let you have all the creeds, all the church rec-ords, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever held, all the communion tables
> that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I
> must put what God says I must put there.
> I put this 1,000,000 pound weight on the
> other side the balances, 'Having the form,

of godliness, but denying the power there-of. Weighed and found wanting! Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes; here comes a worldling. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buye thirty days." "Get in my friend, get inte thirty days." "Get in my friend, get into these balances and be weighed weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he addearly can I sell them?" I find he addearly can I sell them?" I find he addearly can I sell them?" I find he added mires heaven because it is a land of gold, and money must be "easy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that He himselt has been weighed. "On your side the balances, O worldly! I will give you fall advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct; all the money vaults, all the safe deposits
—all on your side. But it does not add
one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: Weighed and found wanting!'

> WOMEN RAISE \$40,000 IN A DAY. Run Street Cars and Business Places in Sloux City to Help a College.

The street railways, the soda water industry, most of the restaurants and the opera house were run by society women of Sioux City, Iowa, a few days ago in the interests of Moraingside Methodist Episcopal

College.
The institution has long been in need of new buildings and increased accommoda-tions, but President Lewis refused to plunge it in debt even for this purpose. After the business men thought they had exhausted every means in their power of soliciting funds the women took the matter up. A week has been devoted to the task of securing subscription, and for the day the street car lines and opera house and soda

water and restaurant men placed their plants at the women's disposal. plants at the women's disposal.

Everything over actual operating expenses went to the women. The latter were not too particular in making change, and several thousand dollars were realized. In all about \$49,000 will be turned over to the college by men and women. The workers represented all denominations, as the college is regarded as a benefit to the city, and the various charches are equally interested in its success.

A Launch For Gospel Services.

A launch bearing the name of Christian Endeavor, built of steel, was recently dedic cated by the Golden Gate Christian Endeavor Union at San Francisco. The inunch has a seating capacity for fifty per-sons, and a speed of twelve miles an hour, it is to be used in visiting vessels in the bay, carrying persons to hold religious services.

Memorial Chapel For Stanford. A \$275,000 memorial chapel is to be added to the Leland Stanford University,